

THE
SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

A
P L A Y.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY GEORGE COLEMAN, JUN. ESQ.

As performed at the

LITTLE THEATRE
HAY-MARKET.

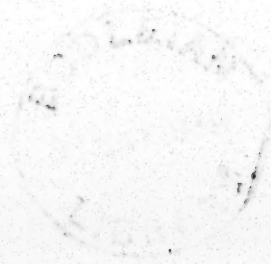
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1792.

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Bt. from Mr. Brett Smith



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King Edward,	Mr. Williamson.
Harcourt,	Bland.
Sir Walter Manny,	Usher.
Warwick,	Supernumerary.
Ribemont,	Farren.
La Gloire,	J. Bannister.
Eustace,	Bensley.
John De Vienne, (Governor)	Aickin.
4 Citizens, Wewitzer, Barrett, Powell and Abbot,	
Old Man,	Chapman.
Officer,	Iliff.
Serjeant,	Wilson.
O'Carrol,	Johnstone.
Crier,	Rock.
John D'Aire,	Evatt.
Jaque Wissant, }	Supernumeraries.
Pierre Wissant, }	
2 Workmen,	Parsons and Burton.

WOMEN.

Queen,	Mrs. Goodall.
Madelon,	Mrs. Bland.
Julia,	Mrs. Kemble.

10 Nuns, 6 blacks, 6 grey Friars—French and English
Soldiers—Guards, &c.

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W. L. G. THE
SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Dark view of the English Camp, with a view of Calais.

Enter RIBEMONT and LA GLOIRE.

T Rib. *THUS* far in safety—all's hush—our subtle air of France quickens not the temperament of the enemy—these phlegmatic English snore out the night in as gross, as when their senses stagnate in their own native fogs, where stupor lies like lead upon them, which the muddy rogues call sleep; we have nearly pass'd the entrenchments—La Gloire.

La Gl. My Lord?

Rib. Where did you direct our mariners to meet us with the boat?

La Gl. Marry, I told them to meet us with the boat at the sea-shore.

Rib. Vague booby—at what point?

La Gl. That's the point I was coming to—and if a certain jutting out of land, in the shape of a white cliff, with brown furze on its top, like a bushy head of hair over a pale face, stands where it did—

Rib. East of the town, I have mark'd it.

La Gl. To see now the difference of men—what I have hunted after a whole day to fix upon, hath he noted without labour—oh the capacious heads of our great officers—no wonder they are so careful of them in battle, and thrust forward the pitiful pates of the privates, to be mowed off, like a parcel of daisies—but there lies the spot, and there will the mariners come—we are now within ear-shot, and when they are there, they will whistle.

Rib. And till they give the signal, here, if there is ought of safety to be pick'd from danger, is the least dangerous spot to tarry for them—we are here full early.

La Gl. I would we were not here at all, this same scheme of victualling a town, blockaded by the enemy, is a service for which I have little appetite.

Rib. Think, La Gloire, of the distress of the inhabitants, our countrymen perishing with hunger.

La Gl. Truly, sir, it moves the bowels of my compassion; yet consider the risque, consider your rank the gallant Count Ribemont, flower of Chivalry, cream of the French army, turned cook to the corporation of Calais, carving his way to glory, through stubble rump'd capons, unskinn'd mutton, raw veal, and vegetables; and perhaps, my Lord, before we are able to serve up the meat to the town, in comes a raw-bon'd Englishman, and runs his spit through your body.

Rib. Prithee no more objections,

La Gl. Nay, I object! not I—but I have serv'd your honour, in, and out of the army, babe, boy, and man, these five and twenty years, come the next feast of the Virgin, and heaven forefend, I should be out of service, by being out of my master.

Rib. Well, well, I know thy zeal.

La Gl. And yet your English rapier is a marvelous sudden

sudden dissolver of attachments—'twill serve the closest connections—'twill even whip you for ever, friend head, from his intimate acquaintances, neck and shoulders, before they have time to take leave; not that I object—yet men do not always sleep; the fat centinal, as we pass'd the out-post, might have woke with his own snoring—and—

Rib. Peace! remember your duty to me,—to your country—and yet alas, I mock myself to name it—did not those rugged battlements of Calais, that tomb, yet safeguard of its citizens, which shuts the sword out, and locks hunger in, (where many a wretch, pale, gaunt, and famine-struck, smiles ghastly at the slaughterous threat and dies) clasping sweet beauty's queen—encircled now within their cold and ponderous embrace, the fair yet ah! I fear the sickle Julia, thy sluggish zeal, would slack the power to rouse it.

La Gl. And of all the spurs in the race of mortality, love is the only true tickler to quicken a man's motions; but to reconcile a mistress by victualling a town! well, dark and puzzling is the road to woman's affections—but this is the first time I ever heard of sliding into her heart, through the palate, or choking her anger, by stopping her mouth with a meal—an' this pantry fashion of wooing should last, woe to the ill favour'd.—Beauty will raise the price of provisions, and poor ugliness will soon be starved out of the country.

Rib. This enterprize may yet regain her—once she was kind, until her father's policy, nourish'd in courts, slept in, and check'd her love: yet 'twas not love, for true love knows no check—there is no skill in Cupid's archery, when duty heals a love wound.

La Gl. No, truly, nor is she likely, while he provides her with entertainment; true love's groans are best nourish'd by fasting; but dear my Lord, think on the great danger, and little reputation.

Rib.

Rib. No more ; mark me, La Gloire ; as your officer, I may command you onward, but in respect to your early attachment, your faithful service ere you follow'd me to the army, if your mind misgives you in this undertaking, you have my leave to retreat.

La Gl. My Lord !

Rib. I say you are free to return.

La Gl. Look ye, my Lord, I am son to brave old Eustace De St. Pierre, as tough a citizen as any in all Calais—I was carried into your Lordship's Father's family, (your Lordship being but just then born) at six days old, a mere whelp, as a body may say, according to puppy reckoning ; my Lord, I was with you three days before I could see ; I have followed you through life, frisking and trotting after your Lordship ever since, and if you think me now mongrel enough to turn tail, and leave my master in a scrape, why 'twere kinder e'en to hang me up at the next tree, than cut me through the heart with your suspicions.

Rib. No, La Gloire !—

La Gl. No, my Lord, 'tis fear for you makes me bold to speak—to see you running your head thro' stone walls for a woman, and a woman, who, tho' she be an angel, has, (saving your presence) play'd you but a scurvy sort of a jade's trick.

Rib. S'death, villain, how dare your stand'rous tongue to—but 'tis plain—'tis for thy own wretched sake thou art anxious—drivelling coward !

La Gl. Coward ! coward ! Diable ! a French Soldier, who had the honor to carry arms under his most Christian majesty, Philip the sixth, king of France, call'd coward ! Sacre Bleu ! have I already serv'd in three campaigns, and been thump'd and bobb'd about by the English, to be call'd coward at last : oh that any but my commander had said it—coward !

Rib. Well, well, La Gloire, I may have been hasty.

La Gl.

La Gl. Oh, my lord, it—it's no matter ; but haply you'd like to be convinced of the courage of your company, and if such a thing as raising the enemy's camp, can clear a man's character, I can do it as soon as—coward !

Rib. S'death fool, we should be discover'd.

La Gl. Coward ! S'blood, I'll run into the English entrenchments, I'll go back, and tweak the fat centinel by the nose—I'll—

Rib. Peace—I command you, as your officer.

La Gl. I know my duty to my officer,—but coward !

Rib. Then move not—here fir—on this spot.

La Gl. (*Fixes himself on duty as a centinel, muttering*) Coward !

Rib. Speak not for your life.

La Gl. Cow—umph !

Rib. Obey—(*a whistle heard*) ha ! the signal ! the morning breaks, they arrive in the very nick, now then La Gloire for the enterprize ; why does not this blockhead stir ? Well, well, my good fellow, I have been rash—but —not yet, psha ! this military enforcement has acted like a spell upon him—how to dissolve it—(*whistle again*) hark ! again ! come La Gloire, I—dull dolt—I have it—march.

[*Exit.*—*La Gloire marches off after him.*]

S C E N E II.

The Parade at CALAIS.

OFFICER, SERJEANT and CITIZENS *discover'd.*

Off. Bravely, good fellows, courage—why still there's life in it—Serjeant.

Ser. Your honor !

Off.

Offi. How do the men bear up? have they stout hearts still?

Ser. I know not, sir, for their hearts, but I'll warrant them stout stomachs; hunger is so powerful in them, that I fear me they'll munch their way thro' the stone walls of the city.

Offi. This famine pinches the poor rogues, cheer them with hope, good Serjeant.

Ser. Hope, your honor, is but a meagre mess for a regiment: hope has almost shrunk them out of their doublets: hope has made their legs so weary of the lease they had taken of their hose, that all their calves have slunk away from the premises—there is not a stocking in the whole regiment can boast of a tolerable tenant, the privates join in the public complaining—the drummers grow noisy, our poor corporal has no *body* left, and the trumpeter is blown up with wind

Offi. Do they grow mutinous? look to them, check their muttering.

Ser. Troth sir, I do my best—when they grumble for meat, I make them eat their own words, and give them some solid counsel, well season'd with the pepper of correction.

Offi. Well, well, look to them, keep a strict watch, and march the guards to their several posts.

[Exit Officer.]

Ser. Now must I administer consolation, and give the rogues their daily meal of encouragement.—Hem! countrymen, fellow soldiers, and Frenchmen! be of good cheer, for famine is come upon you, and you are all in danger of starving—is any thing dearer to a Frenchman than his honor? Isn't the honor the greater, the greater the danger, and has any body had the honor of being in greater danger than *you* are—rejoice then, for your peril is extreme; be merry, for you have a glorious dismal prospect before you, and as pleasing

find a state of desperation as the heart of a soldier could wish. Come, one cheer for the glory of France, Saint Dennis, and our grand monarque, king Philip the sixth.

Soldiers. Huzza! (*faintly*)

Ser. Zounds! why, it sounds as hollow as a church-yard, the voice comes thro' their weazen mouths, like wind from the crack of an old wainscot.—Away rogues to your posts; bristle up your courage, and wait the event of time; remember ye are Frenchmen, and bid defiance to famine; our mistresses are lock'd up with us in the town, we have frogs in the wells, and snuff at the merchants: an Englishman now would hang himself upon this, which is enough to make gay Frenchmen happy—Allons comrades.

S O N G.

My Comrades, so famish'd and queer,
Here the drums how they jollily beat;
They fill our French hearts with good cheer,
Altho' we have nothing to eat.

Rub a dub dub, &c.

Then hark to the merry ton'd Fife,
To hear it will make a man younger;
I tell you my Lads this is Life,
For any one dying with hunger.

Toot a toot toot, &c.

The Foe to inspire ye to beat,
Only list to the Trumpet so shrill;
Till the Enemy's kill'd we can't eat,
Do the Job, you may eat all you kill.

Ranta ranta, ran, &c.

[End

[*End of Song, the Soldiers who bear a chorus form a line, then wheel half round to the right, then to the left, and exeunt after Serjeant.*]

The Citizens comes forward.

3d Cit. Bonjour, Monsieur Grenouille—good day, neighbour.

1st Cit. (Spoke as a Frenchman) Bonjour—Bonjour—here's a goodly morning, mafoi, the sunshine till our blood dances to it, like a frisky wench to a pipe and tabor.

3d Cit. Yes, truly, but 'tis a dance without refreshment—we are in a miserable plight, neighbour.

1st Cit. Mafoi—miserable indeed—mais le soliel.

3d Cit. How fare your wife and family, Monsieur Grenouille.

1st Cit. Ah ma pauvre wife and famille—little to eat now mon voisin—nothing but—by and by, lucky for me 'tis fine veather tho'—great many mouths in my house—little to put in them, but I am French—the sunshine—I am gay—dere is myself, my poor dear wife—half a loaf, seven children—three sprats, a tom cat, and a pipkin of milk—I am hongree—mais il fait bien temps—I dance—my famille starve—I sing—toujours gay, the sunshine—tolderol lol, (*singing.*)

2d Cit. Tut, tut, we wont bear it, 'tis our Governor's in fault, this way we are certain to perish.

4th Cit. Peste! we'll not endure it, shut up near eleven months within these walls!

1st Cit. In fine weather, no promenade.

2d Cit. No provision—we'll to the Governor, force the keys of the town from him, come along neighbours, to the Governor's.

All. Ay, ay, to the Governor's.

[*Going*

[*Going off are met by Eustace with a wallet slung behind him.*]

Eust. Why how now? nothing but noise and babble

—Whither away so fast—Stand rogues, and speak.

Cit. Whither away? Marry we would away from famine—we are for the Governor's, to force the keys of the town.

Eust. There roared the wrathful mouse. You *squeaking* braggart, whom hunger has made venturous, who would thrust your starvelling nose out to the cat's fell gripe, that watches round the cranny you lie snug in—Nibble your scraps, be thankful, and keep quiet—thou rail on Hunger—why 'twas Hunger bore thee—fixing in thy cradle her meagre stamp upon thy weazel visage, and from a child, that half-starv'd face of thine, has given full meals the lie! when thou dost eat, thou dost digest consumption—thou'rt of these kine—thou wouldst e'en swallow up thy brethren, and still look lean—What, fellow-citizens, trust you this thing? Can skin and bones mislead ye? If we must suffer, suffer patiently. Did I ever grumble, mongrels? What am I?

2d Cit. You! Why Eustace De St. Pierre, you are one of the fourest old crabs of all the citizens of Calais; and if reviling your neighbours be a sign of ill-will to one's country, and ill-will to one's country, a sign of good-will to strangers, a man might go near to think you a friend to the English.

Eust. I know them, they are our enemy, a biting, but a blunt strait forward foe; and when we weave our subtle webs of state, and spin fine stratagems to entangle them, they come to our doors, and pull the work to pieces, dispute it fist to fist, and score their arguments upon our political pates; remember Cressly—we've reason to remember it—they thump'd us, and soundly there—'tis but some few months back——there, in the

B

bowels

bowels of our land, at Cressy, they so bechopp'd us with their English logic, that our French heads ached sorely for it—from thence marching thro' Picardy to Calais here, they have engirded us, fixed the dull T^one-quet upon our town, constraining thus the life blood of our commerce with fair France, of whom we are a limb, and all this *openly*, and therefore as an *open* foe, who think and strike in the same breath. I do esteem their *valour* and their *plainness*. I view them with a most *respectful* hatred—Much may be learnt from these same English.

4th Cit. Ay,—prithee what? Hunger and hard blows seem all we are likely to get from them. What should we learn then?

Eust. Courage! which you may have, 'twas never tried tho'—patience, to bear the buffets of the times—Ye cannot wait till fortune turns her wheel——You'll to the Governor's, and get the keys, and what would your wise Worships do with them? Mayhap (for ye have ostrich stomachs) eat them—ye dare not use them otherwise—Home, home, and pray for better luck. (*The citizens go off.*) Fie, fie, I am faint with railing on these cormorants; three days since I have broke bread—'tis some-what sharp. There's not *one* among these trencher-scraping knaves, that yet has kept a twenty hours Lent. I know it—yet how they crave. I've here (*taking down his wallet*) by strong entreaty, and a *good round sum*, (entreaty's weak without it) e'en just enough to make dame Nature wrestle another round with Famine—Out provision, (*taking it from his wallet.*)

Enter OLD MAN, almost fainting.

Old M. Oh Heaven!

Eust. Who bid thee bless the meat? How now, old grey beard, what cause hast thou?

Old

Old M. I have a daughter.

Eust. Hungry, I'll warrant.

Old M. Dying—the blessing of my age—a fever shakes her—I could bear all—but my child—my dear, dear child—to lose *her*—to lose her *thus* too—to see disease so wear her, when a little nourishment—Alas! she's starving.

Eust. Go on—no tears, I hate them.

Old M. She has had no sustenance these four days.

Eust. 'Sdeath!—and—well.

Old M. I care not for myself—but my poor child, (I should soon go in Nature's course) who fifteen years has been my prop. Alas, to see her wrested from me—to see her wasting.

Eust. Peace, peace! I have not eat, old man, since. Psha! the wind affects mine eyes—but yet I—'sdeath, what ails me—I have no appetite. Here, take this trash, (*gives him the wallet*) and—prithee, away old Man. Nay, no thanks—get home, and do not talk—I cannot [*Exit Old Man*].—Out on't. I do belie my manhood, and if Misery with gentle hand, touches my bosom's key, I bellow straight, as though my tough old lungs were made of organ pipes. (*Shout without*) Hey! how sits the wind now?

Enter LA GLOIRE, with a small keg slung behind, and a cover'd basket before. Citizens follow huzzaing.

La Gl. Here, neighbours, here, am I dropt in upon you, like a large lump of manna. Here have I, following my master, the noble Count Ribemont, brought wherewithal to check the grumbling of your gizzards. Here's meat, neighbours; fine raw red meat, to turn the tide of tears from your eyes, and make your mouths water.

All. Huzza.

1st Cit. Ah mon Dieu ! que je suis gai—meat and fun too—tol derol lol. (*Sings and Dances.*)

La Gl. Silence ! or I'll stop your windpipe, with a mutton cutlet.

All. Huzza !

Eust. Peace, I say ; can ye be men and roar thus ? —blush at this clamour, it proclaims you cowards, and tells, what your despair has been. Peace, hen-hearts, slink home and eat.

La Gl. Ods my life, ! cry you mercy, father, I saw you not. My honest country neighbours here so press about me—marry, I think they're ready to eat me. Stand aside, friends, and have patience till my father has said grace over me. Father, your blessing.

[*Kneels.*]

Eust. Thou hast it boy, thou hast acted bravely, and follow'd a noble gentleman. What succour brings he ?

La Gl. A snack, father, a bare snack, no more ; we scudded round the point of land under the coast, unperceived by the enemy's fleet, and freighted with a good three days provision ; but the sea, that seems ruled by the English, (marry I think they'll always be masters of it, for my part) stuck the point of a rock through the bottom of our vessel, almost filled it with water, and after tugging hard for our lives, we found the provision so spoiled and pickled, that our larder's reduced to a *luncheon*. Every man may have a meal, and there's an end ; to morrow comes famine again.

1st Cit. N'importe ; we are happy to-day ; cest assez pour un Francois.

La Gl. But father, cheer up, man ! If after the distribution, an odd sly barrel of mine—you take me—rammed down with good powder'd beef, that will stand the working of half a dozen pair of jaws for a month,

month, should be found in an odd corner of my father's house, why——

Eust. Base cur! insult me! but I pardon thee; thou dost mean kindly, know thy father better. Tho' these be sorry knaves, I scorn to wrong 'em; I love my country, boy; ungrac'd by Fortune, I dare aspire to the proud name of Patriot. If any bear that title to misuse it, decking their Devilships, in Angel seeming, to glut their own particular appetites;—if any, 'midst a people's misery, feed fat, by filching from the public good—which they profess is nearest to their hearts; the curse of their country, or what's sharper, the curse of a guilty conscience follow them. The *suffering's general*, *general* be the gains. We'll share alike; you'll find me boy at home. [Exit Eustace.]

La Gl. There he goes, full of *four* goodness, like a fine lemon. He's as trusty, a crusty citizen, and as good-natured, an ill-temper'd old fellow, as any in France, and tho' I say it, that *should not say it*, I am his son. But now neighbours for provision.

2d Cit. Ay marry, we wou'd fain fall to.

La Gl. I doubt it not, good hungry neighbour—you'll all remember me for this succour I warrant.

All Cits. Toujours. Always.

La Gl. See now what it is to bind one's country to one, by doing it a service. Good souls, they are all running over with gratitude. I could cluck 'em, all round the town, after my tail, like an old hen, with a brood of chickens; (*walks round the Stage, they follow him*) now then will I be carried in triumph to my father's, (*Citizens lift him up on their shoulders, buzzing*) and you may e'en set about it now, now, while provisions are sharing at the Governor's house.

All Cits. Ah! sharing provisions!—away——
(*they let him fall, and run off, scrambling who should be foremost.*)

La Gl. (solus) Oh Diable ! this now is popularity ; adieu, my grateful neighbours ; thus does many a fool-hardy booby, 'like me, run his head into danger, for a few empty huzzas, which leave him at the next turning of a corner, and are all he gets for his pains. Now while all the town is gone to dinner, will I go to *woo*. My poor Madelon must be terribly fall'n away since I left Calais—heigh-ho ! I've lost, I warrant me, a good half of my mistress, since we parted—all the while we were preparing the succours did my heart ache for her ;—every morsel of meat we pack'd brought tears to my eyes—every cram fowl that was stow'd, did I wish smoaking under her nose. I've secured for her the daintiest bits of our whole cargo, as marks of my affection. A butcher couldn't shew her more tenderness, than I shall, if love were now weigh'd out by the ounce ;—bating my master Count Ribemont, who is in love with Madam Julia, not all the men in the city could balance the scales with me. [*Exit La Gloire.*]

S C E N E, *a Hall at the Governor's.*

Enter JULIA and O'CARROLL.

Julia. Now O'Carroll, what's the time of the day ?

O'Car. Time ! faith Lady Julia, we might have called, a little past breakfast time formerly ; but since the fashion of eating has been worn out in Calais, a man must be content to say, it bears hard upon ten. Oh ! if clocks were jacks now, time would stand still, and the year would go down for want of winding up, now and then.

Julia. Have you seen my father this morning ?

O'Car. You may say that.

Julia. How look'd he, O'Carroll ?

O'Car. By my soul, Lady Julia, the old father of
your's

your's and *master* of mine, is a Gentleman; and gallantly he bears himself for certain, and so he ought; being a Knight of Burgundy, and Governor of Calais; but if *I* was Governor just *now*, to be sure I shou'dn't like to take a small trip from Calais one morning; just to see what kind of a Knight I was in Burgundy.

Julia. Who has he in his company?

O'Car. Why Madam, why——now dare not I tell her *who*, for fear of offending her——Company! why to be sure, I have been in his company; for want of a finer acquaintance, he was forced to put up, for half an hour, with an humble friend.

Julia. Poor fool! thy words are shrewder than thy meaning; how many crowd the narrow sphere of life, with those gay, gaudy flowers of society, those annu-als, call'd acquaintance, which do fade, and die away ere we can say, they blossom—mocking the idle cultivator's care, from year to year, while one poor slip of friendship, hardy, tho' modest, stands the winter's frost, and cheers its owner's eye with ever green.

O'Car. Troth, my Lady, one honest potatoe in a garden, is worth a hundred beds of your good-for-nothing tulips. Oh, it's meat and drink to me to see a friend; and truly it's lucky in this time of famine, to have one in the house to look at, just to keep me from starving; little did I think, eight years ago when I came over among fifty thousand brave boys, English, Irish, and Welsh, to fight under King Edward, who now lies before Calais here, that I should find such a warm soul towards me, in a Frenchman's body, as I have in your noble old father's; especially when the business that brought me was to give his countrymen a beating.

Julia. Thy gratitude, O'Carroll, has well repaid the pains my father took in preserving thee.

O'Car.

O'Car. Gratitude! faith Madam, begging your pardon, 'tis no such thing——it's nothing but showing the sense I have of my obligation; there was I, in the year 1339, in the English camp, in the fields of Viranfosse, near Capelle, which never came to an action, excepting a trifling bit of a skirmish, in which my good friends left me for dead, out of the lines, when a kind enemy, your father, (blessing on his friendly heart for it) pick'd me up; and set the breath a going again, that was almost thump'd out of my body. He sav'd my life; it is but a poor commodity; but as long as it lasts, he shall have the wear and tear of it.

Julia. Thou hast been a trusty follower, O'Carroll; nay more a friend than follower; thou art entwined in all the interests of our house, and art attached to me, as to my father, thy master.

O'Car. Ay, by my troth, Lady Julia, and a great deal more, more shame to me for it, because I am indebted for *all* to the Governor. I don't know how it may be with wiser nations, but if regard is to go to a whole family, there's something about the female part of it, that an Irishman can't help giving the preference to, for the soul of him.

Julia. But tell me, who's with my father?

O'Car. Indeed, and that will I not, for a reason.

Julia. And what may that reason be?

O'Car. Because long before he arrived, you bid me never mention his name. It may be perhaps the noble gentleman that has just succour'd the town. Well, if I must not say *who* is with my master, sure I may say, *who* my master is *with*——it is the Count Ribemont.

Julia. Why shou'd I tremble at that name, why shou'd my tongue be now constrain'd to speak the language of my heart?——Oh Father! Father!

O'Car. sighs. Oh! oh!

Julia.

Julia. Why do you sigh, O'Carroll?

O'Car. Truly, Madam, I was thinking of a piece of a rich old uncle I have in Ireland, who sent me to the French wars, to tear me away, from a dear little cratter, that I lov'd better than my eyes.

Julia. And wast thou ever in love, O'Carroll?

O'Car. That I was faith up to my chin; I never think of it, but it remembers me of that song, that was wont to be play'd by honest Cameron, poor fellow, our minstrel in the North.

Julia. I prithee sing it, good O'Carroll, for there is something in those artless ditties, expressive of a simple soul in love, that fills the mind with pleasing melancholy.

O'CARROLL *sings.*

Oh the moment was sad when my love and I parted,
Savourinna deligh shighan,
Oh as I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh broken-hearted,
Savourinna deligh shighan.
Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoulder,
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,
I felt that I never again should behold her,
Savourinna deligh shighna oh!

When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savourinna, &c.
I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
Savourinna, &c.
Brisk were our troops all roaring like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
My bosom with grief was almost torn afunder,
Savourinna, &c.

Long I fought for my country far far from my true love,
Savourinna, &c.

All

All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you love,
 Savourna, &c.
 Peace was proclaim'd, escap'd from the slaughter,
 Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her,
 But sorrow alas ! to her cold grave had brought her,
 Savourna, &c.

End of the Song, Enter GOVERNOR and RIBEMONT.

Gov. Nay, nay, my Lord, you are welcome; yet were I private here, some private qualms, which you well wot, I trow, my noble Lord, might cause me flatly sound, that full ton'd welcome, which breathes the mellow note of hospitality; yet being Governor of Calais here; (take me with you Count) I can discover your noble virtues, aye, and love them too, did not a father's care; but let that pass——Julia my girl,—the Count Ribemont—thank the brave champion of our city.

Julia. Sir, tho' my poor simple drop of gratitude, amid the boisterous tide of general thanks, can little swell the glory of your enterprize, accept it freely—you are welcome, sir.

Rib. Cold does it seem to me!—S'death—this is ice; freezing indifference; down, down my heart, (*aside*). I pray you Lady, do not strait your courtesy; if I have reap'd a single grain of favour from your fair self, and noble father here, I have obtain'd the harvest of my hopes.

Gov. Count, I have serv'd in battle—witness for me, some curious scars; the soldier's coxcombry, in which he struts fantastically cover'd, upon the old tough doublet nature gave him—Let us then speak, like brothers of the field, roundly, and blunt.—Have I your leave, my Lord?

Rib. As freely, sir, as you have ask'd it.

Gov.

Gov. Thus then :——I have a daughter, look you here she stands, right fair, and virtuous.——Nay Count, spare your speech ; I know I have your assent to the proposition.——I have a king too, and from him 'tis signified, my daughter must be match'd with speed—a certain Lord about the Royal person——now, though there may be some whose gallant bearing I might be proud to be allied to, yet being a veteran French soldier, stuffed with right enthusiastic loyalty, my house, my child (Heaven knows I love her) shou'd perish piece meal, ere I'd infringe the faintest line, or trace of that proceeding ; the king our master honours me in making.

Rib. I do conceive you, sir.

Gov. Why then *conceiving*, once more, right welcome count. I lodge you here, as my good friend ; and *Julia's* friend, the friend to all our city—but count—love is boy's play. A soldier has not time for't—come count, within there, ho ! we need the refreshment which you have furnish'd love ! pish ! Love's a gee-gaw, nay come count,—come. [*Exit Governor.*]

Julia. Will it please you, sir, follow ?

Rib. I fain would speak one word,—and—S'death I cannot ; pardon me, Madam, I attend—oh Julia.

[*Exeunt Julia and Count.*]

O'Car. (solus) Och ! poor dear craters, my heart bleeds for them ; to be sure the old gentleman means all for the best, and what he says must be right ; but if love is a gee-gaw, as he says, by my soul, it's the prettiest play thing for children, from sixteen, to five and twenty, that ever was invented. [*Exit O'Carroll.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, *The English Camp before Calais.*[*Flourish.*]*Enter* KING, HARCOURT, WARWICK, Sir WALTER MANNY, &c. &c.

King. Fie Lords, it flurs our name ; the town is succour'd ; 'twas dull neglect, to let 'em pass. A blot upon our English camp, where vigilance has been the watch word. Which way got they in ?

Sir Wal. By sea, as we do learn, my gracious Liege.

King. Where was our fleet then ? does it ride the Ocean, in idle mockery ? it should float to awe these Frenchmen here. How are they stor'd ?

Har. Barely, as it should seem ; their crazy vessel driven among the rocks that skeit the shore, let in the waves, so fast upon the cargo, the better half is wasted all, and spoil'd ; they scarce can hold another day, my Liege.

King. Thanks to the sea for it, not our Admiral ; they brave it stubborn to the very last, but they shall smart for't shortly ; mean time prepare we for our Queen, who comes from England, deck'd in conquest. Say, Lord of Harcourt, are all prepared to welcome her arrival ?

Har. All, my dread Liege ; the beach is thickly lin'd with English soldiery, in ardent watch fixing their eyes upon the bark, that bears our royal mistress ; 'twas hop'd ere this, they'd reach'd the harbour. (*Flourish.*) Hark ! the Queen is landed.

King. Do you then, my good Lord, escort her hither. (*Exit Harcourt.*) Sir Walter Manny, guard well this packet, (*gives a packet*) when the governor of this same peevish town shall call a parley, break you it
up,

up, and from it, speak our pleasure; there are the terms, the only terms, on which we do allow him to capitulate.

[Exit Sir Walter Manny.]

(*Martial Music.*)

Enter Queen in Procession.

King. Oh! welcome, welcome, we shall give you here, rude martial fare, and soldiers entertainment.

Queen. Royal Sir, well met, and happily; I learn your labours draw to a glorious end, when you return among the loyal subjects, that wou'd greet you, the Scottish King, my Lord, waits your arrival; who somewhat partial to his neighbour's land, did come an uninvited guest among us. I doubt he'll think us over hospitable to him, for dreading his too quick departure from us; I have made bold to guard him in the Tower, and hither have I sail'd my noble Lord, to glad you with the tidings.

King. My sweet warrior! we will dispatch our work here; and then for England. Calais will soon be ours; of that hereafter, think we to-day of nought but revelry. You, Madam, shall diffuse your influence through our camp. Strike there our martial music, for want of better cheer, Philippa take a soldier's noisy concert. Strike I say.

Grand Chorus.

War, war, war has still its melody,
 War has still its melody;
 When blows come thick and arrows fly,
 War has still its melody.

C

When

When the Soldier marches o'er the crimson field,
Knee deep in gore by carnage and grim death surrounded ;
And groans of dying men confounded,
Groans, groans of dying men confounded.
If the warlike drum he hears,
And the shrill trumpet strikes his ears ;
Rous'd by the spirit, stirring tones,
Music's influence he owns ;
His lusty heart beats quick and high,
War has still its melody,
War, war, war has still its melody, still its melody.

But when the hard fought day is done,
And the battle's fairly won ;
Oh ! then he trolls the jolly jolly note,
In triumph through his rusty throat.
And all the story of the strife,
He carols to the merry merry fife.
His comrades join their feats to tell,
The chorus then begins to swell ;
Sound martial music, rend the sky,
This is the soldiers melody,
This is the soldiers melody,
This, this, this, this is the soldiers melody,
This, this is the soldiers melody.

ACT II.

A C T II.

SCENE—*An apartment at the Governor's;
Table with wine, meat and bread on.*

MADOLON *discover'd eating*, LA GLOIRE *attending her.*

La Gl. Blessings on her little heart, how clever she feeds; the meat goes down as naturally into her mouth, as if it had been us'd to the road, all the time of the famine, tho' Heaven knows it is a path that lately has been little frequented.

Madelon. Votre sante mon ami, your health *La Gloire. (Drinks.)*

La Gl. Nay, I'll answer thee in that, tho' bumpers were Englishmen, and went against my French stomach. Heaven bless thee my poor little Madelon; may a woman never tumble into the mire of distress, and if she is in, ill befall him that wont help her clean out again.

Mad. There, enough. *(Rises.)*

La Gl. So, one kiss for a bonne bouche, *(kisses her,)* dost love me the better now for this feast, Madelon?

Mad. No truly, not a jot, I lov'd you e'en as well before dinner as after.

La Gl. What a jewel is regular affection, to love equally through the week, meagre days and all; I can't but own tho' a full meal makes an improvement in the warmth of my feelings; I can eat and drink myself into a glow of tenderness that fasting never came up to; and what hast thou done in my absence, Madelon?

Mad. Little, *La Gloire*, but grieve with the rest—I have thought on you going to confession in the morning, seem'd happy in the day to cheer my poor old Father, but my heart was bursting, *La Gloire*, and at

night by myself I look'd at this little cross which you gave me, and cried.

La Gl. Madelon, I—I—I want another draught of Burgundy.

Mad. Once indeed, I thought it was hard, Father Anthony enjoin'd me penance, for thinking so much about you.

La Gl. What by putting peas in your shoes as usual.

Mad. Yes, but as it happen'd, I escap'd.

La Gl. Ay marry, how?

Mad. Why, as the famine press'd, our holy Father had boil'd all our punishments in puddings for the convent, and there was not a penitential pea left in the town.

La Gl. O gluttony! to deprive the innocent of their hard dry penances and apply them soft to their own offending stomachs; I never could abide those pamper'd Friars—they are the pot-bellied Children of the Pope, nursed at the bosom of old mother Church, and plaguy chubby boys they are: one convent of them in a town, breeds a famine sooner than an English blockade—but what says thy father within here to our marriage?

Mad. Truly, he has no objection but in respect to your being a Soldier.

La Gl. Sacra Bleu! object to my carrying arms! my glory! my pride!

Mad. Prithee now, 'tis not for that.

La Gl. Degrade my profession—my—look ye Madelon; I love thee with all my heart, with an honest soldier's heart, else I could tell your father, that a citizen could never get on in the world without a soldier to do his journey work—and your soldier look ye—Blood, it makes me fret like a hot day's march—your soldier in all nations, when he is wasted down to your quiet citizen, and so sets up at home for himself, is in double respect

respect for having serv'd such an honourable apprenticeship.

Mad. Nay, La Gloire,—my father meant not—

La Gl. Marry, I would tell your father this to his face, that were it not for my commander and me—two soldiers, mark you me, your jaws might not haply have been so soon set a going.

Mad. Ungenerous! I could not have spoke such cutting words to you La Gloire—my poor father only meant that the wars might separate us, but I had a remedy for that too, for all your unkindness.

La Gl. Well, what was the remedy, Madelon.

Mad. Why, I could have followed you to the camp.

La Gl. And would'st thou follow me then?

Mad. Ay, surely, La Gloire, I would follow him I love, all over the world.

La Gl. And bear the fatigue of a campaign, Madelon?

Mad. Any thing with you, La Gloire. I warrant us we should be happy enough—aye, and I could be useful too—I could pack your knapsack, sing canzonets with you, to make us merry on a day's march, mix in the soldiers dance on occasion, and at sun-set, I would dress up our little tent as neat as any captain's in the field.—then at supper, La Gloire, we should be as cheerful——

La Gl. Now could I cut my tongue out for what I have said—cuff me—slap my face, Madelon? then kiss me, and forgive me; and if ever I bestride my great war-horse again, and let him run away with me, and trample over the heart of my best friend, I wish he may kick me off, and break my neck in a ditch for my pains—But what should we do with our children, Madelon?

Mad. Ah mon Dieu! I had forgot that—but if our

endeavours be honest, La Gloire, Providence will take care of them, I warrant you——

D U E T.

Cou'd you to battle march away,
And leave me here complaining ;
Cou'd you to battle march away,
And leave me here complaining ;
I'm sure 'twould break my heart to stay,
When you were gone campaigning.
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelon
Wou'd never quit her Rover ;
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelon
Wou'd go with you all the world over.

LA GLOIRE.

Cheer, cheer, my love, you shall not grieve,
A soldier true you'll find me ;
I could not have the heart to leave
My little girl behind me ;
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelon
Shall never quit her Rover,
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelon
Shall go with me all the world over.

MADOLON.

And can you to the battle go,
To womens' fear a stranger ;
No fears my breast shall ever know
But when my Loves in danger ;
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelon
Will never quit her Rover,
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelon
Will go with you all the world over.

La Gl. By the Mass, Madelon, such a wife as thou
wilt

wilt be, would make a man after another campaign (for another I must have to save the cravings of my appetite) go nigh to forswear the wars.

Mad. Ah, La Gloire, I would it were so; but the sound of a trumpet will ever lead thee after it.

La Gl. Tut, a trump—Thy voice, Madelon, will drown it.

Mad. Ah, La Gloire!

La Gl. Nay then I am the veriest poltroon, if I think the sound of a trumpet could move me any more than—(*Trumpet sounds*)—Eh! egad, there's a parley from the walls, which may end in a skirmish or a battle, or a—I'll be with thee again in the chopping off a head.

Mad. Nay, now, La Gloire, I thought the sound of a trumpet—

La Gl. A trumpet, simpleton—this was a—a—'gad I—wasn't it a drum.—Adieu! Madelon, I'll be back again ere—*Trumpet again*—March—Charge—huzza.

[*Exit La Gloire.*]

Mad. Well-a-day, a soldier's wife must have a fearful time of it; yet do I love La Gloire—he is so kind, so tender, and he has simply the best leg in the army. —Heigh-ho! it must feel very odd to sleep in a tent—a camp must be ever in alarms, and soldiers always be prepared for surprize. Dame Toinette, who married a corporal ere I was born, told me, that for one whole campaign her husband went to bed in boots.

S O N G.

Little thinks the townsman's wife
While at home she tarries,
What must be the lass's life
Who a soldier marries.

Now

Now with weary marching spent,
Dancing now before the tent,
Lira Lira la, Lira Lira la,
With her jolly Soldier.

In the camp at night she lies,
Wind and weather scorning,
Only griev'd her love must rise
And quit her in the morning :
But the doubtful skirmish done,
Blithe she sings at set of sun,
Blithe she sings at set of sun,
Lira Lira la, Lira Lira la.
With her jolly Soldier.



Should the Captain of her dear
Use his vain endeavour,
Whisp'ring nonsense in his ear,
Two fond hearts to sever ;
At his passion she will scoff,
Laughing thus she'll put him off,
Lira Lira la, Lira Lira la,
For her jolly Soldier.

[End of Song, Exit.]

SCENE—*A Gothic Town-Hall at Calais; Table,
great Chairs, and other Chairs on.*

Crier and other Citizens discovered.

All. Silence !

Crier. (rings his bell). An' ye all talk thus, there's
an end to conversation ! Your silence, my Masters, will
breed a disturbance ! Mafs, it's hard that I, who am
Crier, should be laught at and set at nought among ye.

All. Hear him.

Crier. The good John De Vienne, our Governor,
a blef-

a blessing on his old merry heart, grieving for your distress, has e'en now called a parley from the walls with the English, and has chosen me in his wisdom to ring you all into the Town-Hall here, where, an' you 'bide his coming, you will hear that he should seem to signify unto you—and—by our Lady, here the Governor comes.—Silence.

All. Silence.

Crier. Nay, 'tis ever so—an' I were to bid a dumb man hold his tongue, by my troth I think a would cry silence, till the drum of my ear were bursten.—Silence.

Enter GOVERNOR and EUSTACE, to their seats.

Gov. You partly know why I've convened you here—I prithee—I prithee honest friends, summon up all the fortitude within you which ye are masters of.—Now Heaven forgive me, I almost wish I had not been a soldier, for I here have a matter to deliver, requires a schoolman's preface—'tis a task which bears so heavy on my poor old heart, that 'twill go nigh to crack beneath the burden.—You know I love you, fellow-citizens—you know I love you well.

All. Aye, Aye—we know it.

Gov. I could be well content in peace or peril to 'bide with you for ever.

Eust. No one doubts it—I never yet did hear of Governor, spite of the rubs and watchful toils of office, would willingly forego his place.

Gov. Why how now—how now friend—dost thou come o'er me thus? but I shall find a time—it fits not now—when I will teach thee—s'death! old John De Vienne, a veteran bluff soldier, bearded thus, and sneer'd at by—a—faucy—mark you me well—let it pass—the general calamity will sour the best of us—my honest

nest citizens, I once more pray ye, think that ye are men—I pray ye too my friends——

Eust. I pray *you*, Sir, be somewhat brief—you'll tire else—these honest citizens would fain e'en know the worst at once. When members are impatient for a plain tale—the orator—you'll pardon me, should not be too long winded.

Gov. Fellow, peace——ere now I've mark'd thee—thou art he, I take it—'tis Eustace De St. Pierre, I think they call thee—whom all our town, our very children point at, as the most grumbling knave in Christendom.—Yes, thou art he.

Eust. The same, the mongrels here cannot abide rough honesty---I am hated, smooth talking likes them better---you, good Sir, are popular among 'em..

All. Silence !

Eust. Buz.

Gov. Thus then in brief, finding we are reduced by famine and fatigue unto extremity, I sounded for a parley from the walls---e'en now 'tis ended : Edward ordered forth Sir Walter Manny, and I needs must own, a courteous Knight, although an enemy--I told him our distress ; Sir Knight, says I---and here it almost makes me blush to think an Englishman should see me drop a tear, but spite of me it stole upon my cheek :---to speak the honest truth, Sir Knight, says I, my gallant men are perishing with hunger, therefore I will surrender. (*A general surprize appears in Citizens.*) But conceive me, on this condition, that I do secure the lives and liberties of those brave men, who in the galling and disastrous siege have shar'd with me in each fatigue and peril.

All Citizens, (but St. Pierre.) Huzza ! long live our governor---huzza !

Gov. I thank ye friends, it grieves me to repay your honest love with tidings sure as heavy as ever messenger was

was charged withal.---The King of England steels his heart against us ; he does let loose his vengeance, and he wills, if he would save our city from the sword, from wild destruction, and the general slaughter, that I strait do send him, six of my first and best reputed citizens, bare headed, tend'ring the city keys, and---oh, I shall burst, with vile and loathsome ropes circling their necks in guise of malefactors, to suffer instant execution. (*A general dismay in all, but Eustace.*) Friends ! I do perceive ye are troubled, 'tis enough to poze the stoutest of you, who among ye can smother nature's workings, which do prompt each to the last, to struggle for himself ?---yet, were I not objected to as Governor, there might be found---no matter---who so bold, that for the welfare of a wretched multitude, involv'd with him in one great common cause, would volunteer it on the scaffold.

Eust. (Rises) I---e'en I---the growling knave whom children point at ; to save those children, and their hapless mothers, to snatch the virgin from the ravisher, to shield the bent and hoary citizen---to push the sword back from his aged throat---fresh reeking haply in his house's blood---I render up myself up for sacrifice---will none else budge ? then let the English in, to find us wasting and winking in the socket---nay, rouse for shame---think on your wives, your infants, and let us not be so far sham'd in story that we should lack six men within our walls, to save them thus from slaughter.

Gov. Noble soul ! I could for this fall down, and worship thee ; thou warm'st my heart---does no one else appear to back this gallant veteran ? (*Three come forward, one speaks.*)

John D'Aire. Eustace ! myself, and these my two companions, brother, all of your house, and near of kin

kin to you, have ponder'd on your words ; we sure must die, if we, or go, or stay, we would not see our helpless little ones, butcher'd before our eyes, we will go with thee.

Eust. Now by our good Saint Dennis, I do feel proud, my lowly house's glory shall live on record : what are birth and titles, feathers for children, the plain honest mind that breaches forth in charity and virtue, shrinks lordly pomp to nought, and makes vain pedigree blush at its frothy boasting—we are four, fellows in death and honour—two remain to fill our number.

Grv. Pause a while, my friends—we yet have breathing time—tho' troth but little : I must go forth a hostage to the English till you appear—break up our sad assembly, and for the rest agree among yourselves ; were the time apt, I could well waste a year in praising thus your valour.

Eust. Break we up—if any can wind his sluggish courage to the pitch, meet me anon in the market place—from thence will we march forth : ye have but this, remember, either plunge bravely into death, or wait till the full tide of blood flows in upon you, and shame and slaughter overwhelm you—come, my noble partners come. (*Exit. Scene shuts upon the rest of the Citizens.*)

SCENE—*An Apartment at the Governor's.*

Enter RIBEMONT and JULIA.

Rib. Yet hear me Julia.

Julia. Prithee, good my Lord, press me not thus—my father's command. I must not say it's hard—forbids me listen.

Rib. Is then the path of duty so precise, that 'twill not for a little deviate, sweet, let it wind and bend to recollection ; think on our oaths ; yes, Lady, they are mutual, you said you lov'd, and I treasur'd the confession

sion as misers do their gold. Nay—'twas my all; think not I chatter in the idle school of whining coxcombs where despair and death are words of course—I swell not fancied ills with windy eloquence—no, trust me Julia, I speak in honest simple suffering, and disappointment in my life's best hopes so feeds upon my life, and wears me inward that I am nearly spirit broken.

Julia. Why, why this my Lord? you urge me past a maiden's modesty, what should I say in nature's course my Lord! The parent sits at helm in grey authority, and pilots the child's actions; for my father, you know what humour sways him.

Rib. Yes, court policy—time serving zeal—tame passion---blind obedience to the stern will of power, which differs as wide from true impulsive loyalty, as puppet work from nature---oh, I would the time were come, (our enemy the English, bids farerst first to shew a bright example) where 'twixt the ruler and the ruled, affection shall be reciprocal, when majesty shall gather strength from mildness, and the subject shall look with duteous love upon the sovereign, as the infant eyes its father---now by heaven, old John de Vi-
enne is turn'd a temporizer, making his daughter the poor topmost round of his vile ladder to preferment---
'Sdeath! and you to suffer this! fie, fie, Julia; your broken faith, with the excuse of duty! out, out! 'tis shallow---you never loved.

Julia. My Lord! my cup of sorrow was brim-full before, and you!---I look'd not for it, have thrown in a drop that makes it overflow; no more of that, you have revil'd my father! me too! Heaven knows I little merit it. Oh my Lord, upon this theme we must not meet again; farewell, and do not think unkindly on her you once did call your Julia---If it will sooth your anguish to find a fellowship in grief, why, think that there is one, who, while struggling for her
D
duty,

duty, sheds many a tear in private---Heaven be with you. [Exit.

Rib. Nay, stay and listen to me—gone, and thus too! and have I lost thee, and for ever Julia! now I look on life as the worn mariner stretching his eyes o'er seas immeasurable, and all is drear and comfortless—henceforward my years will be one void—day roll on day in sameness infinite, without a hope to chequer the sad prospect.—Oh, if death came yok'd with honor to me—I could now embrace it with as warm and willing rapture, as mothers clasp their infants—now—

Enter LA GLOIRE.

Rib. What's the news, La Gloire?

La Gl. Good faith my Lord, the saddest tongue e're told.

Rib. What is it?

La Gl. The town has surrender'd.

Rib. I guess'd as much.

La Gl. Upon conditions.

Rib. What are they?

La Gl. Very scurvy ones my Lord—to save the city from sacking six citizens must swing for it in Edward's Camp—but four have yet been found, and these are—

Rib. Who?

La Gl. Oh Lord—all of my own family——there's John D'Aire, Jaque and Pierre Wissant, my three good cousins German, my Lord! and the fourth, who was the first that offer'd—is—

Rib. Who, La Gloire?

La Gl. I crave your pardon my Lord, for being thus unfoldier-like, but it's my father.

Rib. Eustace!

La Gl. He, my Lord; old Eustace De Saint Pierre
---the

— the honestest kindliest soul ! — I cannot talk upon it—grief my Lord plays the hangman with me, and has almost choak'd me already.

Rib. Why I am courted to it—the time—example—do woo me to my very wish—come hither—two it should seem are wanting to complete the little band of those brave men, who die to save their fellows.

La Gl. Aye my Lord---there's a meeting upon it half an hour hence in the market place.

Rib. Mark me, La Gloire—and see that you obey me, e'en to the very letter of my orders—they are the; last perhaps my honest fellow that I shall ever give thee; seek thy father, and tell him this from me; his gallant bearing doth school his betters—I have studied o'er his noble lesson, and have learnt my duty—say he will find me in the market-place, disguis'd in humble seeming, and I fain would pass for one allied to him; from thence, dost mark me well, I will along with him e'en hand in hand to death.

La Gl. (*Kneels, weeps, and kisses his hand.*)

My Lord—I—I—I—I shall lose my father—when he was gone, I look'd you would be my father—the thought of still serving you was a comfort to me—you are my commander, and I hope I have never disobey'd orders, but if I now deliver your message, drum me out for ingratitude, as the greatest rascal that ever came into a regiment.

Rib. 'Sdeath! I am now mov'd to tears—this honest soul in pure simplicity of love unmans me; prithee no more La Gloire—I am resolved—my purpose fix'd—it would be bitter to thee to see me die in danger with thee, therefore do thou my bidding—close thy services up in duty to my will; go—find thy father—I shall prepare within the while—obey me—or the last look from thy expiring master darting reproach, shall burst thy heart in twain—mark me, and be punctual.

[*Exit RIBEMONT.*]

La Gl. Oh the Virgin ! why was I ever attached to man, woman or child ?

Enter EUSTACE.

Eust. Where is thy commander, boy ? Count Ribement.

La Gl. Oh Father !

Eust. Peace ! I must a word with him, I have a few short thanks I would deliver touching his care of thee—it is the last of all my worldly packages ; that done, I may set forward on my journey.

La Gl. Oh Father ! I shall never go to bed again in peace as long as I live ; sorrow will keep my eyes open all the night, and when I drop into a doze at day-break, I shall be hanged with you father, a score of times every morning.

Eust. I could have spar'd this meeting boy—I will not, nor would I, had I time for it, ring a chime of drowsy documents at this our parting, nor will I stuff the simple plan of life that I would have thee follow with trim angles and petty interfections of nice conduct which dotards, rotten in their wisdom, oft will mark in mathematical precision upon a stripling's mind, until they blur the modest hand of nature.—Thou'rt a soldier—'tis said, a good one, and I never yet knew a rough true soldier lack humanity.—If then thou canst with one hand push aside the buffets of the world, and with the other stretched forth, in warm and manly charity assist the weak, be thankful for the ground-work, and e'en let impulse build upon it ; thou need'st no line or level formal age can give thee, to raise a noble superstructure.—Come, embrace me, and when thy father sleeps in honour, think—that—my son, my boy—psa !—pish—this nature—conduct me to thy captain—(*going*).

La Gl.

La Gl. Hold, hold, Father—I—I am bidden father to deliver a message, a message to you.

Eust. Be quick then, the time wears.

La Gl. No truly, 'twill not come quick—I must force it out in driblets; my captain bids me say that brave men are scarce, find six in the town and you find all, so he will join you at the market cross, and go with you—to——

Eust. To the scaffold?

La Gl. Yes---the---that word sticks so in my throat, I can't squeeze it up for the life of me.

Eust. Why this shews nobly now---our honest cause is graced in the addition---lead me---how now---out on thee knave, thou'lt bring disgrace upon me-- by Heaven I feel as proud in this my death---and thou! —the nearest of my blood to fully my honest name with womanhood—shame, shame! where is the noble Ribemont?

La Gl. Stay, father, stay—I can hold no longer—I love Madelon too well to keep her waking o' nights, with blubbering over her for the loss of my father and my captain—another neck is wanting to make up the half dozen, so, I'll e'en along, father, as the sixth.

Eust. Oh Nature—Nature! I know not what to answer—boy, thou hast shaken my manhood to the centre——follow then—— thy aim is honor, but the dreary road to it, which thou must tread, does stir the father in me—'tis such a nice and ticklish point, between the patriot and the parent, that Heaven knows I need a counsellor—I'll to thy captain boy, with him anon you'll find me.

La Gl. So; how many a lad with a fair beginning of life, comes to an untimely conclusion—my poor Madelon too—she little thinks that—

Enter.

Enter MADELON.

Mad. Hift, hift, La Gloire !

La Gl. Eh !

Mad. Why, where haft thou been, La Gloire ? I have been seeking you all over the town---I fear'd you would get into danger ; finding the governor's gate thrown open, and all in confufion, I ventured in to look for you---where haft thou been La Gloire ?

La Gl. Been ! no where---but I am going—

Mad. Where, La Gloire ?

La Gl. A little way with my father ; haft heard the news Madelon ?

Mad. Only in part -- I hear the town has furrendered, and that fix poor men are to march from the town-gates and be executed ; but we fhall be then in fafety La Gloire ; poor fellows, I couldn't fee them go forth for the world.

La Gl. Poor fellows,---ahem, aye, poor fellows ; true Madelon, I wouldn't have thee fhock'd with the fight I confefs.

Mad. But prithee La Gloire, keep at home now with me, you are ever gadding, you foldiers are fo wild and turbulent ; what ! you muft be prefent now I warrant at this horrid ceremony.

La Gl. Why, yes—I—I—muft be prefent—but 'twill be for the laft time Madelon—I take but little pleafure in it, believe me.

Mad. I prithee go home with me then—I have provided out of thy bounty a repaft for us this evening—my father who has never flirr'd out thefe three weeks, is fill'd with joy for thy return—he will fit at our table La Gloire—will give us his bleffing, and wifh us happy in marriage—come, you fhall not away this evening in footh now.

La Gl.

La Gl. I must Madelon—the throng will press—and I may lose something of value---'tis seldom a soldier's pocket is heavy, but I carry all my worldly goods about me: I'd fain not lose it, so e'en be witness on't till my return---there's a casket with two years wages, three quarters pay from the regiment, and eleven marks plucked from the boot of a dead English Corporal---'tis my whole fortune, Madelon; so keep it for fear of accidents, and if any cross one ever should befall me, remember you are heir apparent to the bulk of my property.

Mad. But why thus particular, La Gloire—if you are thus moved now, what must you feel at seeing of the ceremony? I would you'd keep quiet with me.

La Gl. Only this once, Madelon, and I shall be quiet ever after—kiss me—so—adieu.

Mad. Adieu, La Gloire—remember now at night.

La Gl. At night! yes—mercy on me—should I stay three minutes longer, my heart would rescue my neck, for the breaking of one would save the stretching of the other. [Exit.]

Mad. How rich my La Gloire has got in these wars!—my father too has something to throw in at our wedding, and when we meet we shall be the happiest couple in Picardy.

S O N G.

I tremble to think that my soldier so bold,
To see with what danger he gets all his gold,
Yet danger all o'er 'twill keep out the cold,
And we shall be warm, be warm when we're married,
When we're married, when we're married.

For

For riches 'tis true I envy them not,
 Unless 'tis to better my dear soldier's lot,
 And he shall be master of all I have got,
 The very first moment, first moment we're married,
 When we're married, when we're married,
 The very first moment, the first moment we're married.

My heart how it beats but to think on the day,
 In Church when my father will give me away;
 But that I shall laugh at I've heard many say,
 A day or two after we're married,
 When we're married, when we're married, when we're married,
 A day or two after, after we are married.

[*End of Song, Exit.*]

SCENE—*A Street at Calais—A Gateway.*

Enter three Citizens and the whole of the Procession.

3*d. Cit.* Stand back there.

2*d. Cit.* Nay, nay, masters, they will not forth this quarter of an hour—men seldom move lightly on such a heavy occasion.

3*d. Cit.* Who are the two others that are to suffer?

2*d. Cit.* Marry, two more of old Euface's family—one, his own son—the other, as 'tis rumoured, a relation in the town that few of us are acquainted with.

3*d. Cit.* That's strange.

2*d. Cit.* Why yes, for when a man choses a rope for his preferment, few are found envious enough to dispute the title with him. (*Dead march behind.*) By the rood here they come.

Enter

Enter Soldiers, Nuns, and Friars in procession.

Chorus.

Sound found in solemn strains and slow,
 Sound in solemn strains and slow,
 Dully beat the muffled drum,
 Bid the hollow trumpet blow,
 The muffled drum, the trumpet blow,
 In dead'nd tones firm and low,
 Clear, firm and low.
 For see the Patriot Heroes come,
 The Patriot Heroes come,
 The trumpet blow now beat the drum,
 For see the Patriot Heroes come,
 The Patriot Heroes come.

*After Chorus, enter EUSTACE, RIBEMONT, LA
 GLOIRE, JOHN D'AIRE, JAQUE and PIERRE
 WISSANT, as to execution.*

All Cits. Bless our Countrymen.

Rib. I prithee peace, Eustace—I fain wou'd 'scape
 observance from the rabble—hurry o'er this irksome
 march, and straightway to the camp.

Eust. Enough—strike and set onward.

All Cits. Heaven bless our countrymen—bless our
 deliverers.

Chorus.

Peace, peace, peace, to the heroes peace, who yield
 their blood,
 And perish nobly for their country's good ;
 Peace, peace, peace to their noble souls, their bodies
 die,
 Their fame shall flourish, flourish long in memory.
 Recorded still in future years,

Recorded

Recorded still in future years,
Green in a Nation's gratitude,
In gratitude and tears,
Green in a Nation's gratitude,
In gratitude and tears.

*[As the chorus is singing, all march off in procession
through the gate at top--the six victims go first two
and two--the rest follow.]*

A C T III.

SCENE—*The Governor's house.*

Enter JULIA, (in Men's apparel,) with O'CARROLL.

Julia. Come on, bestir thee, good fellow, thou must be my guide, and conduct me.

O'Car. Faith, and I'll conduct you, with all my heart and soul, and some good *crater*, I'll warrant, will be kind enough to shew me the way.

Julia. But art thou well assur'd, O'Carrol, of what thou hast inform'd me ?

O'Car. To be sure, I am well assur'd, for I inform'd myself, and I never yet catch'd myself out in telling a lie ; there were six of them, as tall fellows as any in France, with ugly ropes about their good looking necks, going to the town gates, and Count Ribemont march'd second in the handsome half dozen ; I followed them, with these eyes, poor noble gentlemen, till they were as full of water as if I had been peeping into a mustard pot ; and so Madam, knowing he loves you better than dear life ; which to be sure, he seems to hold cheap enough at present, and thinking you would be glad to hear the terrible news ; why I made all the haste I could to come and tell it you.

Julia. And, thus in haste, have I equipped myself—come, good O'Carroll, dost think I shall escape discovery in those accoutrements ?

O'Car. Escape ! by my soul, Lady, one would think you had been a young man, from the very first moment you were born. Och ! what a piece of work a little trimming and drapery makes in a good fellow's fancy—a foot, is a foot, all the world over, but take the foot of the smallest little creature, that ever tript
over

over green sword, and if it does not play at bo-peep, from under a petticoat, I know no reason for it, but it gives a clean contrary turn to a man's imagination; but what is it you would be after now, Lady Julia?

Julia. Something I will do, and it must be speedily;—at all hazards, we'll to the English camp, and opportunity must shape the rest.

O'Car. The camp! oh faith, that's my element, and heaven send us success in it.—If an Irishman's prayers can make you happy, your little heart should soon be as light as a feather-bed.

Julia. I thank thee, my honest fellow, thy care of me shall not go long unrewarded.

O'Car. Now, the devil fetch rewarding say I; if a man does his best friends a piece of service, he must be an unconscionable sort of an honest fellow to look for more reward than the pleasure he gets in assisting them.

Julia. Well, well, each moment now is precious; haste thee, O'Carroll;—time has wings,

O'Car. Oh! be asy, Madam; we'll take the old fellow by the forelock, I warrant him, when honest gentleman calls 'em on a small walk, to the gallows, a man may set out a quarter of an hour behind them, and be certain of meeting 'em on the road; and now I bethink me, if we go out at a draw bridge, from the citadel, hard by the house here, we may be at the camp ere the poor souls have march'd their bodies round the battlements.

Julia. Thou say'st well, and we will forth that way; 'twill be most private too,—thoult follow, good O'Carroll?

O'Car. Ay, that I would to the end of the wide world; indeed now I begin to think my disposition has an ill-natur'd turn with it; for when thole, I should wish happy, are breaking their hearts, that's the very time I can't bear to be a moment out of their company.

Julia.

Julia. Yet, tarry here awhile, till I prepare the means of our going forth,—join me a few minutes hence, in the hall, O'Carroll : and fortune frown not on a poor weak woman ; who if she fails in this her last sad struggle, is so surrounded by a sea of grief, that she must sink for ever. [Exit *Julia*.]

O'Carroll. (Solus.) And sink or swim, I'll to the bottom with you, Lady.—Och ! what a sad thing it is to see sorrow wet the cheek of a woman ; faith ! now I can't make out that *same* crying, for the life of me ; my sorrow is always of a *dry* sort that gives me a sore throat, without ever troubling my eyes, about the business.—The camp ! well, with all my heart, it won't be the first that I've been present at a bit of a battle.

S O N G.

When I was at home I was merry and frisky,
My dad kept a pig and my mother sold whisky,
My uncle was rich, but would never be easy,
'Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey :

Oh ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey.

My dear little Sheelah I thought would run
crazy,
Oh ! when I trudg'd away with tough Corporal
Casey.

I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
On Sheelah my heart in my bosom was sinking,
But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey :

E

Och !

Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey ;

The devil go with him, I ne'er could be easy,
He stuck in my skirts so, old Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely ;
And who should the first be that dropt ? why,
an't please ye,
It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey :

Oh ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey ;

Thinks I you are quiet, and I shall be easy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

[*End of Song, Exit.*]

SCENE—*The English Camp, with Edward's Throne,
and a Scaffold, erected at the upper end of the Stage.*

Enter two Workmen from the Scaffold.

1st Work. There 'tis, and finished, as pleasing a bit
of work as a man could wish to turn out of hand ; if
King Edward (heaven blefs him,) give me not a pension
for this, let him make the next scaffold himself. Mass !
I would, (with reverence be it spoken) build a gallows,
or fix a scaffold, with any King in Christendom.

2d W. Yea, marry, if he had not serv'd his time
to the trade.

1st W. Nay, or if he had,—I have been prime gal-
lows maker, and principal hang-man, now nine and
twenty

twenty years, thank heaven, neighbour, I have long been notorious.

2d W. Mafs! I know not; I think it is thy good luck.

1st W. Tut! I'll tell thee my parents, I thank them, bred me to the gallows, marry, then how was it? Why look you, I took delight in my business, an' you would be a good workman, ever while you live, take a delight in your business; I have been an honest pains taking man; neighbour no one, is *notorious* without taking pains for it.

2d W. Marry then, I could never be advised to take pains.

1st W. Thou art the more to be pitied; I never made but one small mistake, since I entered upon business.

2d W. I prithee now, tell me that.

1st W. 'Twas one execution day, we were much throng'd; and the signal was given full soon, when, a pikes on't! I whips me in haste, the halter over the neck of an honest stander-by, and jerks me him up to the top of a twenty feet gibbet—marry—marry—the *true* rogue 'scap'd by it, for 'twas a full hour, 'ere the error was noted; but has't heard who the six be, that will be here anon?

2d. W. Only, that they are citizens; they march, as 'tis reported wond'rous doleful.

1st W. No matter; tarry 'till they see my work, that's all; an' that do not content them, mark them for four knaves; an' a man be not satisfied when he sets foot on my scaffold, say he's hard to please. Rot 'em, your condemned men, now-a-days, have no discernment; I would I had the hanging of all my fellow-craft, I should then have some judges of my skill; and merit would not go praiseless.—[*Flourish.*]—So the King

is coming—stand clear—Now, neighbour, an' the King like not my scaffold, I am no true man.

[Workmen retire up stage.]

Enter KING, QUEEN, and GUARDS.

King. Yes, good Phillippa, 'tis our firm decree, and a full wise one *too*; 'tis but just recompense, for near twelve weary months their stubbornness has caused us to linger out before their city! Should we not now resent it, in future story our English would be chronicled as dullards; these French would mock us for the snails of war, who bring our houses on our backs, to winter it before their mouldering walls; nay, every village circled by a ditch, would think itself a town impregnable, check the full vigour of our march, and wear out our armies with resistance.

Queen. And yet, my Liege, I cannot chuse but pity the wretched men who now must suffer for't.

King. Justice, Madam, minute in her stern exercise of office, is comprehensive in effect; and when she points her sword to the particular, she aims at general good.—*[Music.]*—But hark, they come; are they within our lines?

Sir. W. M. They are my Liege.

King. Then deliver up Sir John De Vienne.

[KING and QUEEN seat themselves; then enter EUSTACE, RIBEMONT, LA GLOIRE, JOHN D'AIRE, JACQUES, and PIERRE WISSART in Ropes. Citizens, Friars, Nuns, &c. in procession.]

King. Are these the six must suffer?

Eust. Suffer! no! we do embrace our fate, we glory in it; they who stand forward thus to yield their
lives

lives a willing forfeit for their country's safety, when they meet death, must honour and rejoice in the encounter. Suffer is a term, the upright and undaunted spirit, blots from death's vocabulary.

King. Now, bestrew thee knave; thou dost speak bluntly.

Eust. Ay, and cheerily—but, to our purpose; I am bidden, Sir, I, and my noble comrades here of Calais, thus lowly at your feet, to render to you our city keys, and they do guard a treasure, well worth a king's acceptance, for they yield a golden opportunity to mightiness of comforting the wretched. Take but those, and turn our pond'rous portals on the hinge, and you will find in every street a document; a lesson at each step, for iron power to feel, for fellow men.—Our wasted soldiers dropping on their watch, the dying mother wailing her famish'd child, the meagre son, grasping his father's hand in agony, 'till their sunk eyes exchange a feeble gleam of love and blessing, and they both expire.

King. Your citizens may thank themselves for it, wilfulness does ever thus recoil upon itself.

Eust. Sworn Liegemen to their master and their monarch, they have perform'd their duty; sir, I trust you, who are yourself a king, can scarcely blame poor fellows for their loyalty; 'tis plain you do not sir; for now, your royal nature overflows in clemency, and setting by all thoughts of crushing those beneath your feet, which in the heat, and giddiness of conquest, the victor is sometimes seen guilty of—our town finds peace and pity at your hands; your noble bounty sir, is pleas'd to consider some certain *trifles* we have suffer'd such as a *bare* twelve month's siege, a lack of food, some foolish grey-beards dead by it, some few heaps of perish'd soldiers; and humanely weighing these *nothings*,

as misfortunes, spare our people ; simply exacting, that six useless citizens, *meer logs* in the community, and priz'd for nothing, but their *honesty*, come forth like malefactors. and be gibbeted.

King. Villain, and slave, for this, thy daring taunt, howe'er before we might incline to listen, we henceforth shut the ear to supplication.

Eust. Mighty Sir, we march'd not forth, to supplicate but die ; trust me, king, we could not court aught in your disposal, wou'd swell our names with half the glory as this same sentence, which, (we thank you for't) you have bestowed unask'd.

King. Conduct them straight to execution.

La Gl. (Trembling.) Father ! (*to Eustace.*)

Eust. How now ; thou shak'st.

La Gl. 'Tis not for myself, then ;——for my own part, I am a man, but I cannot look on our relations—on my captain—and you father, without feeling a something, that makes a woman of me—but—I—

Eust. Briefly boy, what is it ?

La Gl. Give me your hand father, (*kisses it*) so—and, now, if I part with it, while a puff of breath remain in my body, I shall lose one of the most mournful comforts, that ever poor fellow in jeopardy fixt his heart upon. Were I but well assured poor Madelon would recover the news, I could now go off, as tough as the stoutest.

Rib. Farewell old heart ! thy body doth encase the noblest spirit, soldier e'er could boast to face grim death withal.—Inform our fellows, at the last moment given on the scaffold, we will embrace, and—(*drum rolls*) *Hark ! the signal lead on.*—They go to the scaffold—(*a long roll of drum.*)

Soldier. (Behind scenes.) You cannot pass.

Julia. (entering with O'Carroll.) Nay ; I will have way.

way. (*Enters.*) Stay—stay your hands, desist or——

King. How now! stripling! wherefore this boldness?

Julia. Great, and mighty King, behold, a youth much wrong'd. Men do esteem the monarch's throne, as the pure fount, and spring where justice flows, and here I cry for it.

King. What is the suit, that thou dost urge?

Julia. Please you sir, suspend a while this fatal ceremony; for therein lies my grief——and I will on.

King. (*To executioners.*) Pause ye a while——young man proceed.

Julia. Now Heaven make firm my woman's heart.——'Tis you are yourself abus'd. My countrymen do trifle with you King.—You did require six of our citizens first in repute, and best considered in our town, as victims of your high thron'd anger.—There——(*pointing to Ribemont*) is one, I single out, and challenge to the proof. Let him stand forth——and here I do avouch—he is no member of our city—He does usurp another's right, defeat your mighty purpose, and your rage which thirsted for a rich draught of vengeance, must now be serv'd with the mere dregs of the community.

Rib. Shame! I shall burst! the dregs indeed! [*Aside.*] (*Come from Scaffold.*)

King. (*To Rib.*) Thou self-will'd fool, who would run headlong into death, what art thou?

Rib. A man; let that content you, Sir; 'tis blood you crave, and with an appetite so keen, 'tis strange to find you nice about its quality. But for this slave, who has thus dared belie me, did not circumstance run in my will——Oh grant me patience, Heaven! the dregs! now by my soul I'd crush thee, reptile, beneath my feet,

feet, now while thy pois'nous tongue is darting forth its venom'd slander on me.

King. I will be satisfied in this. Speak, fellow, what is thy condition?

Rib. Truly, Sir, 'tis waste of Royal breath to make this stir for me, who some few minutes hence, your sentence must sink to nothing. Henceforward I am dumb to all interrogation.

King. Now, by our Diadem!—but answer you what is his state; say of whose wretched place is he the bold usurper.

Julia. Sir, of mine. He does despoil me of my title, comes back bedecked in my just due, which as a citizen (a young man though I be) I here lay claim to. I am your victim, Sir; dismiss this man, (who haply comes in pity to my youth, and plucks the glory from me, which this ceremony would grace my name withal) and let me die.

O'Car. Die! Oh the Devil! did I come to the camp for this. Oh Madam! dear Madam! (*Aside to Julia.*)

King. The glory! Why by heaven these head strong French toy with our punishments—for thee, rash stripling, who dost brave out vengeance, prepare to meet it. Yoke thee with this knave whose insolence has roused my spleen, and straight ye both shall suffer for't together.

Julia. Sir! 'ere I do meet my fate, upon my knee I do make one poor request.—This man, great Sir, though now there's reason why he knows me not, I own doth touch me nearly; I do own doth touch me nearly; I do owe him a debt of gratitude—'twould shock me sore to see him in his agony,—so please you—command that in the order of our deaths I may precede him.

King. Well, be it so then—Guards lead them forth.

Julia.

Julia. And might he, oh dread Sir! might he but live, I then should be at peace.

King. Conduct them to their fate.

Julia. Then, 'ere we go—your spleen here breaks the end of prudence; the blood you now would spill is pure and noble, nor will the shedding of it lack avengers.—Shame on disguise, off with't, my Lord, behold our France's foremost champion, and remember in many a hard fight the gallant deeds of Count Ribemont. Oft has he put you to't—nay late at Crassy; ask of your Black Prince Edward there, how long Count Ribemont and he were point to point; he has attacked our foe, relieved our people, succoured our town, 'till cruel disappointment, where he had fixed his gallant heart, did turn him wild, with despairing love. Old John De Vienne refused his daughter to him drove him hither to meet your cruelty—and now that daughter, grown desperate as he, doth brave it, and we will die together.

Rib. Heavens! my Julia! art thou then true? Oh! give me utterance! now Fortune do thy worst—you cannot King, you dare not for your life lay savage hands on female innocence; and for myself, e'en use your will.

[*King rises, and comes from the Throne.*]

King. Lady, you are free; our British Knights are famed for courtesy; and it will ne'er I trust be said, an Englishman denied protection to a woman.—You must under guard, my Lord, abide our pleasure—for the remainder, they have heard our will; and they must suffer, 'tis but fit we prove, spite of their obstinate and close defence, our English excellence. (*During this Speech, the Queen comes down.*)

Queen. Oh! then, my Liege, prove it in mercy, valour, and compassion; do characterize the English-
man.

man.—His adamant heart hath waxen fibres; which though in perilous hazard, cool and firm, is rock against attack, shew him, the fall'n, 'twill warm, and melt for the unfortunate. Let it not dwell within your thoughts, my Liege, thus to oppress these men: and Royal Sir, since you were free to promise, in remembrance of the poor service which my weak endeavours wrought in your absence, for your realm, to grant whatever doom I begged—now, on my knee, I beg it, Sir; release these wretched men; make me the means of cheering the unhappy; and though my claim were tenfold what it is, upon your bounty, 'twould reward me nobly.

King. Rise, Madam; though 'twas our fixed intent to awe these French by terrible example, our promise still is sacred, good Philippa; thy suit is won, and we relax our rigour; let them pass free, while we here pronounce a general pardon.

[*Trumpet.*

(*All come from Scaffold.*

La Gl. A pardon! oh, Diable! my father, and Commander too! Huzza! Oh, that I should live to unrope my poor old father, and master.—(*Runs, and takes off their ropes.*)

Enter MADELON, and runs to LA GLOIRE.

Mad. Oh my poor La Gloire,—my tears—

La Gl. That's right,—cry Madelon, cry for joy; old Eustace is safe; my Commander, and relations free, there's a whole bundle of honest necks recovered—mine is tofs'd in, in the lump, and we'll be married Madelon, to morrow.

Eustace. (*Kneels to the Queen.*) Madam, to you we owe our thanks, and here we pay them gratefully.

King.

King. Now, my Lord, for you——We have I trust some influence here : the right which conquest gives me, we will put to the proof ; nor will we quit your town 'till we see your marriage solemnized.

O'Car. Well ! if I did not know what crying was before, I have found it out at last faith ; it has a mighty pleasant sort of a feel with it.

King. Prepare we now to enter Calais strait ; give orders for our march ; breathe forth our instruments of war, and as we do approach the rugged walls, sound high the strains of victory.

GRAND CHORUS.

Rear, rear our English banner high ; rear, rear our
English banner high,
In token proud of victory, in token proud of victory ;
Where e'er the God of Battle strides, where e'er the
God of Battle strides,
Loud sound the trump of fame, loud sound the trump
of fame.

Whene'er the English warrior rides, whene'er the En-
glish warrior rides,
May laurel'd conquest grace his name, may laurel'd con-
quest grace his name,
May laurel'd conquest grace his name, may laurel'd con-
quest grace his name,
Laurel'd conquest grace his name, conquest grace his
name.

Yet on the victor's heart let truth engrave
That heav'n-born mercy best becomes the brave ;
Yet on the victor's heart let truth engrave
That heav'n-born mercy best becomes the brave.

F I N I S.



